HOPE AND COURAGE

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Here are examples of the rare spirit which lives among the patients of the Foundation

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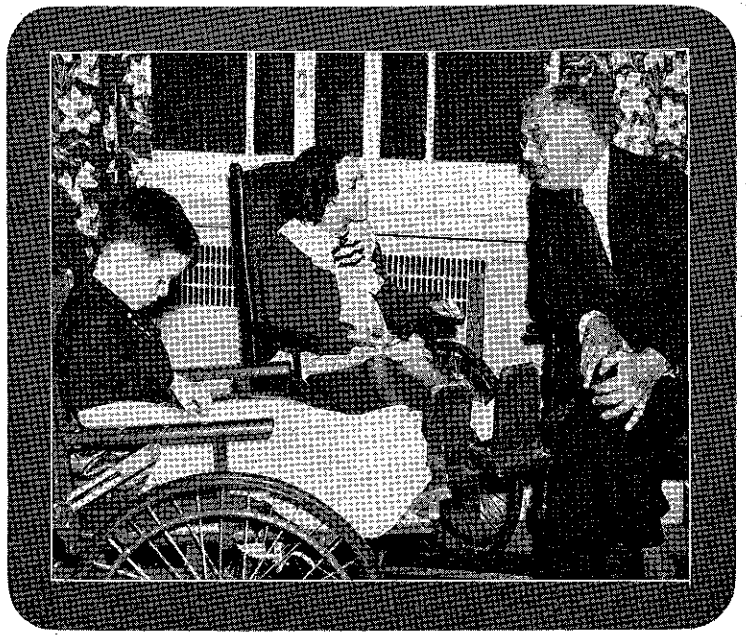
GLEEFUL LAUGHTER ECHOES AS CIRCUS CLOWNS PERFORM

IN the next room a bugle sounds. The noise is one of ear-splitting dissonance. It rises to a yowl and falls to a bray. Only a boy, and a beginner at that, could perpetrate such sounds and be satisfied. It seems strange in a hospital.

The bugler *is* a boy and, like the other patients here, he is not sick. Handicapped he may be, as they are, but blowing the bugle, presented by an aunt after his recovery from a serious operation, would not hurt him any more than hearing sour notes would hurt them. He has

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT ON HIS MOST RECENT VISIT TO WARM SPRINGS



COMMUNITY SINGS ARE NIGHTLY OCCURRENCES (TOP)
A BRIGHT DAY . . . AS PATIENTS LEARN TO WALK AGAIN! (BOTTOM)

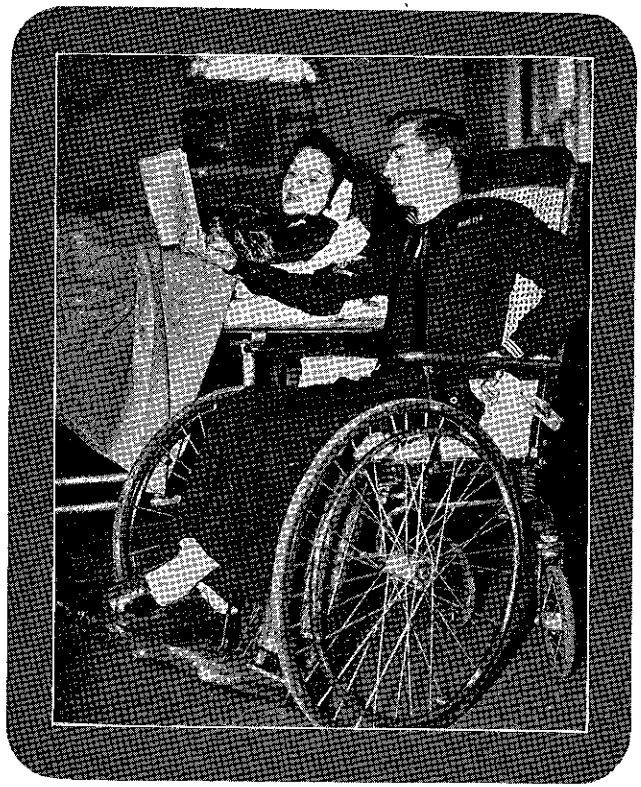
as much right to his bugle as they to their bridge. It may be noisier, but in a hospital with many children one must expect noise.

Where none is sick the ordinary hospital rules, the tiptoeing of nurses, the serious faces of visitors, are unnecessary. And at the Warm Springs Foundation, which is only one of many grantees of The National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis, none is sick. For infantile paralysis, technically poliomyelitis, abbreviated to "polio," though it may in the beginning cause sickness and pain, when not fatal, leaves its victims well, but often handicapped.

It attacks his nervous system and affects his muscles. Within forty-eight hours it may cause death, total paralysis or partial paralysis. After forty-eight hours the worst is known. Doctors say it does not thereafter progress to a higher degree. Except for the paralysis the patient is normal, so that life here runs everywhere from bugle playing to romance and marriage. You do as you please within the recognized limits of decent conduct and find you can be happy though handicapped. This is particularly true because no pain recurs.

It is the expression of this normal state of affairs in health and living that causes visitors invariably to comment on the spirit of Warm Springs. Whether that spirit is brought here by the patients or bestowed upon them by the place is hard to say. Much can be attributed to the patients, much to the Foundation.

First of all, those who come here have had some treat-



ANOTHER FIGHT TO WIN

ment. They know the extent of their handicap. They know it will not increase. They believe their condition can be improved. They hope to be fully restored. Thus, having recovered from the first shock of finding themselves perhaps, in a respirator, their brain unaffected, their social desires unchanged, their ambitions undimmed, their love life unfulfilled or interrupted, they are ready to give as they receive, to contribute to the general happiness of the Foundation family as they draw health from the Foundation itself.

They come from every State of the Union, from Canada, from Central and South America, even from Europe. They are of every age from infancy to beyond middle life, for the term infantile paralysis is a misnomer, the disease affecting those of all ages though in an epidemic a majority of the victims may be children under 5. They come from every walk in life, some well-to-do, some barefooted, in overalls, penniless. They come by personal application, by recommendation of a doctor or the urging of local chairmen of Birthday Ball committees. About one-third pay their way in full, one-third pay part and one-third pay nothing. Whatever it is, it is known only to the registrar who accepts the patient and to the financial officer who posts the account. In every respect dowager and servant girl are sisters under their polio.

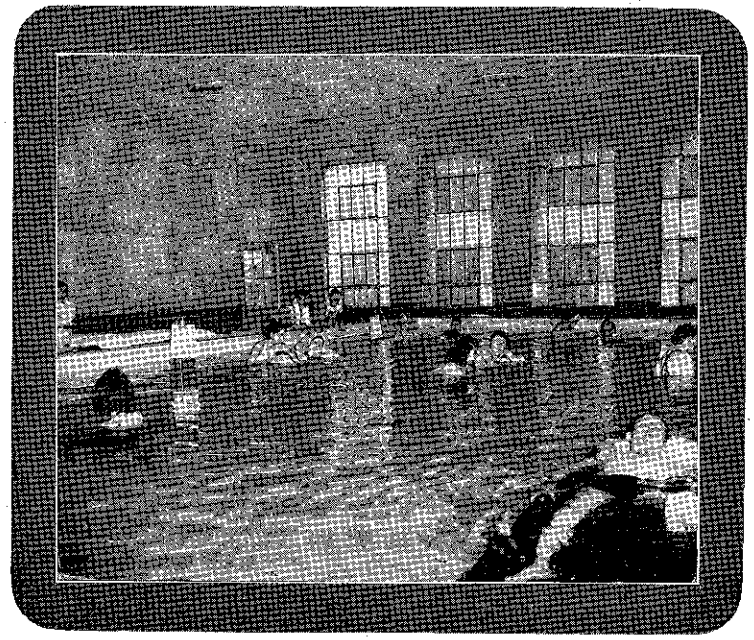
They come in all after-stages of the disease. Here is one just out of an "iron lung" who may have to go back to it. Here is another totally paralyzed from the neck down but with no respiratory involvement. Here is a mother of three small children who, with arms affected, has changed from feeding her young to being fed herself. Here is an athlete with legs affected.

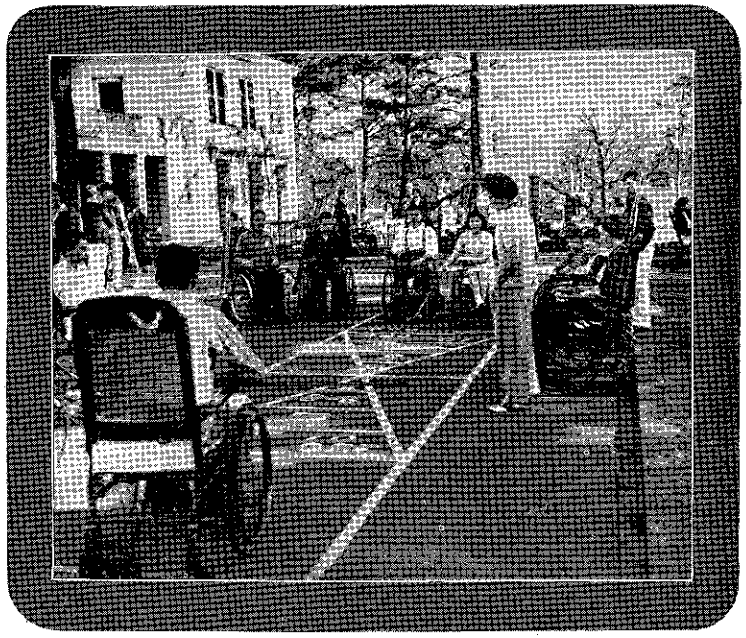
All have one, some have many complications. They come for treatment. Their hopes are high. They have been accepted because it was believed that something could be done. Perhaps surgery can help, and there are

skilled surgeons here to do that; perhaps muscles can be strengthened if not almost restored by physical therapy, and there are trained technicians to do that; sometimes exercise in the pool may help, though the warm waters here have no medicinal properties in themselves; sometimes it is the Kenny treatment given here under the direction of persons trained by the originator of that method.

New arrivals find the patients contented. They are contented because under treatment their condition probably has improved or they have acquired new skills. The

PATIENTS EXERCISE THEIR AFFECTED MUSCLES IN THE WARM SPRING WATER





EACH NEW SKILL BRINGS ADDED CONFIDENCE

blind may not see but here the halt do walk. Braces are on legs too weak to support the body and crutches are in the hands of those having arm muscles to use them. They struggle from ability to take a few steps to ability to climb stairs unaided. They are moving toward recovery and aiming for independence. Things are happening. The morale of the newcomers is perceptibly raised.

Probably, too, at home or in whatever hospital they may have been they have been shut-ins. Warm Springs was designed architecturally to change that. Patients are housed in relatively small dormitories, situated on a campus. There is a recreation hall, a dining room. There is a

playhouse, a library, a crafts shop, a school. To take advantage of the activities these offer one has to go outdoors from building to building. The climate favors doing so. Special attendants push the chairs of those who cannot manage themselves. It is the happy opposite of the depressing confinement that the shut-in faces. The newcomer is soon content.

He is inspired, too, by the fact that while the Foundation is not actually run by former patients, some are conducting its activities. He discovers that he has been admitted by a registrar who, training for voice and ambitious for grand opera, suddenly was stricken but now gets around on crutches and by wheel chair and meets the requirements of his post. He finds that the head of the school is a former patient stricken in Egypt while teaching there. He discovers that the librarian, a former secretary now confined to a wheelchair, also teaches shorthand and typewriting and recently had a novel published.

He finds in the crafts room a former patient who, acting on the advice of one of the staff, went home, took a course in crafts and then came back to teach it here. He finds behind the desk a young man from the Middle West who has overcome severe handicaps and is fighting back to independence. And he finds a former member of the staff of Robert College in Istanbul teaching a Sunday school class in the chapel. There, too, he may see his fellow-patients married, for life here sometimes leads to marriage. Determination is at the bottom of the spirit of Warm Springs. Take the case of one patient who was stricken on his honeymoon. Except for one thumb he lost the use of almost every muscle in his body. Special apparatus had to be designed for him. His table silver had to be bent so that with the arm rest made here he could feed himself. And then, holding his pen with that one thumb, he taught himself to write. Now he has his own greeting-card business in New England and still writes his own letters, slowly, laboriously, tenaciously holding his pen with his thumb. That is the spirit of Warm Springs.

Take the case of an insurance salesman approaching middle age when stricken. He had sold himself almost every type of policy he was urging others to buy. When "polio" hit him he found that in one policy he had money to pay for his treatment; in another money for the care of his family. Now he is using his foresight to illustrate a sales talk to his new prospects. That is the spirit of Warm Springs.

Take the case of a concert pianist whose hands were spared but whose feet were so affected that it was impossible for him to use the pedals of the piano. He has turned painter and his watercolors are bright and beautiful. That is the spirit of Warm Springs.

Then there is the girl whom a doctor saw learning to walk.

"What is her muscle set-up?" he asked.

"Muscles? She hasn't any," he was told. "She walks with her head!"

And that is the spirit of Warm Springs.

Or the boy who could walk only on hands and feet. Determination put him through years of operations; then training here. Now he walks on crutches and holds a responsible position with a magazine in New York. That is the spirit of Warm Springs.

Or the little red-haired slip of a girl who, after marriage and the birth of a child, was stricken with "polio." Almost totally paralyzed, she set about her treatment with determination.

"I will walk," she said, "if it is the last thing on earth I do!" And that is the spirit of Warm Springs.

It is idle to tell in Warm Springs that Milton and Homer were blind, that Demosthenes stuttered and Diogenes was grotesque, that Byron and Scott were lame, that Heine was a paralytic and that Pope had to be carried about. The shining example to the patients here is the founder of Warm Springs who would not let his handicap halt his career, who has three times been elected President of the United States and is today acknowledged the world's most eminent statesman. He never forgets Warm Springs. He comes here when he can. His spirit never flags. Speaking here on Nov. 29, 1934, he attributed the spirit of Warm Springs to the Indians who years ago made this place a sanctuary for their wounded.

"It has been here," he said then, "at least as long as I have been here, and I am quite sure it is still here and I am quite sure it will always rest on these buildings." There is more and it is well worth reading in Volume III of the Public Papers and Addresses of Franklin D. Roosevelt.

Yes, the spirit is still here. It burned brightly in the heart of the little barefoot country boy who, having nothing to wear but overalls, held back from entering the dining hall when the President was here less than a year ago and the customary dinner was being given. The registrar, rising from wheelchair to crutches to enter the room, saw the boy seated on a chair outside.

"Aren't you going in, son?" he asked.

"Naw," the boy said. "I can hear. I ain't hungry."

He looked down at his overalls and at the bare feet below. He did not dare look up.

"Come in! Come in!" the registrar said. "We've got a chair waiting for you."

And he took him in and the boy sat down to eat with his President and afterward joined the line that filed by and shook his hand.

That is the spirit of Warm Springs.

* * *

Postscript—The boy with the bugle got better, learned to walk without crutches and went home.

P. P. S.—He took his bugle.